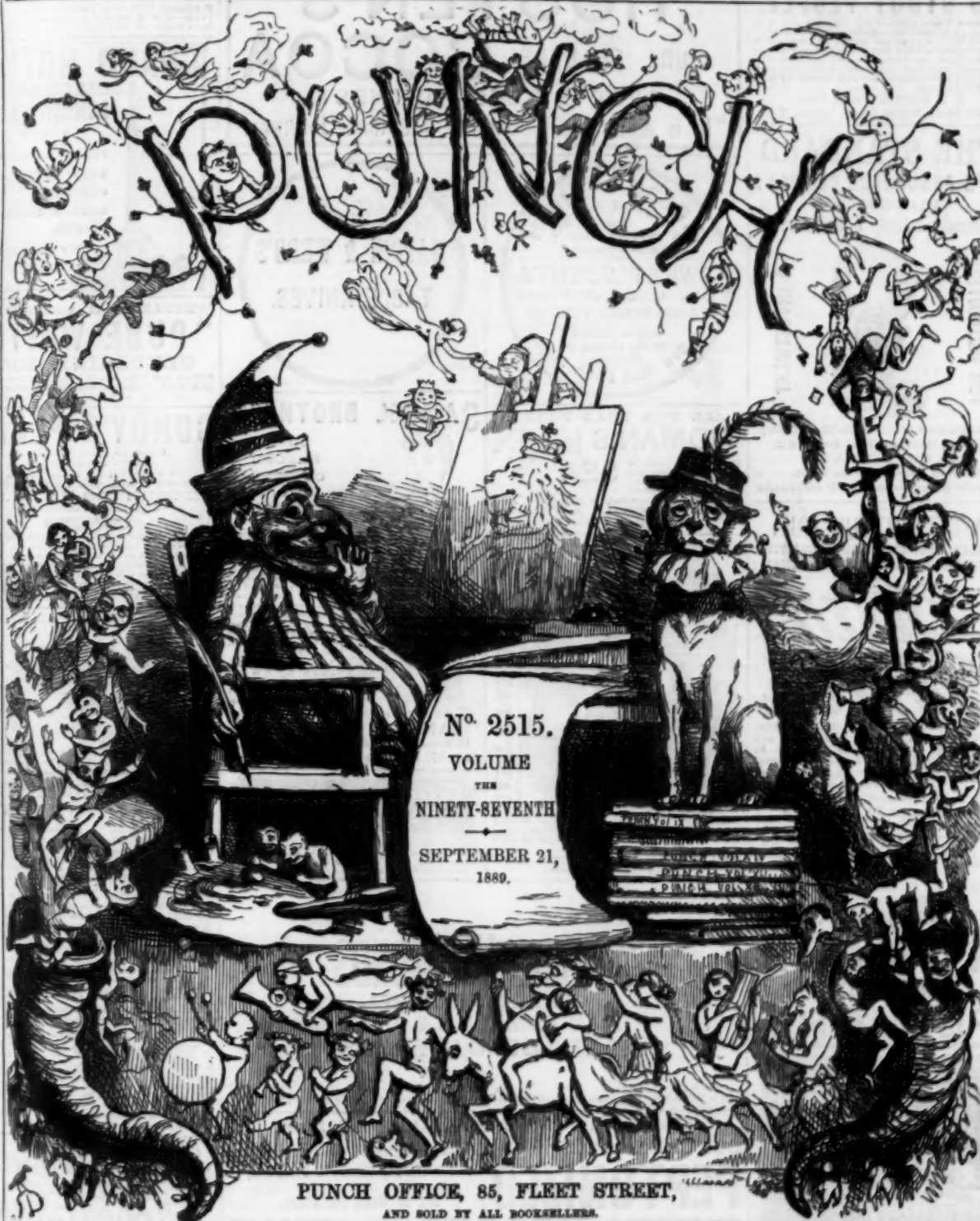


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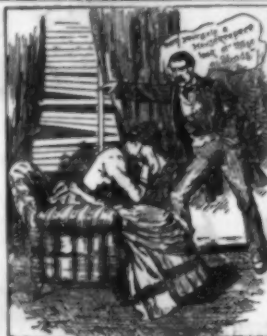
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ACHES AND BAINS.

(A Story of a 'Ed ad a Tail.)

Aix-les-Bains, Monday.—Hadh't been here twenty-four hours when, as a popular novelist remarks, Lo! a strange thing happened. Standing at bed-room window; looking on scene spread out before terrace of Splendide Hotel; the Dent du Chat (a tooth no artist has ever yet drawn), the Roche of the King, the Mount of la Chervez, the Mount of St. Sumain, the Semnoz Alpes, the Valtec d'Anney, and below, the Lac de Bourget, this morning lying, as Sir SILAS WEGG M.P., says, "like a big turquoise in the bosom of the everlasting hills." Known WEGG for many years, that is to say, as one knows a man he meets in London; a celebrated constructor of Ships, a writer of letters to the Times, once a Lord of the Treasury, a weighty debater in all that relates to Naval Defences—that's Sir SILAS standing at home. Here quite another man; always dropping into poetry, sometimes other people's, often his own. Occasionally gets mixed up; quotes a line or a stanza; doesn't know if it's SHELLEY or SILAS, WORDSWORTH or WEGG. Best of it is, there's no extra charge. Accustomed to contract work when Chief Constructor; now goes along, poetry or prose, all same price and measurement. Would be a great comfort to a retired Dustman in quest of literary instruction.



Tony Lumpkin, M.P.
(After his Bath.)

On way to Baths from Hotel pass every day narrow thoroughfare called Ruedu Puits d'Enfer. Rather an odd name; wouldn't like to have it for home address.

"A little premature," says MYLES FENTON, who is here studying management of French railways, bearing of officials, arrangement of trains, and treatment of passengers, so that he may learn what to avoid.

Address certainly has that among other objections, but not without its appropriateness. Close to entrance to Baths; atmosphere redolent of sulphur.

"Brimstone, brimstone everywhere, and not a spot of treacle," says Sir SILAS WEGG, M.P., under the impression that he is dropping into poetry.

Every day I sit by the half-hour with more than my toes in a brimstone brook. And if anyone asks me for why, I hits him a crack with my crook, "Tis BRACHET that cures me," says I. This a very moderate

performance, suited to my absence of complaint. Others take more serious proceedings, in the douche, the vapour-bath, the inhalation-room, and the needle-bath. The brimstone enough for me.

Got rather a shock passing along one of corridors this morning. Through a door, partly opened, observed human head placed carelessly on top of a box standing in middle of room. Knees shook; tail wagged; hair stood upright all down my back. Fresh horror; seemed to know face. Had often seen it late at night beaming over wide waste of wrinkled shirt front; looked hard; no mistake; it was TONY LUMPKIN, M.P.! The same expressive and expansive mouth; the same smooth visage; the unmistakable eyes, and the agitated hair. Stood paralysed; what could this mean? If we had been in Ireland and TONY an Irish Member, I would have guessed that this was BALFOUR's work. But TONY sits on Ministerial Benches; votes straight on Irish Question; always to be depended upon, save perhaps in matter of new staircases in Westminster Hall. Couldn't be ARTHUR. Must be brigands. Found TONY out late at night; cut off his head, and casually left it here. Continued to gaze with sickening horror; presently fancy saw head move; unmistakable wink from left eye; then familiar voice rolled forth:—

"Hullo, TONY, dear boy, what are you doing here?"
"I'm going to my bath," I said; "but, perhaps, I may ask what you—or, such part of you as remains—do here? Where, my dear LUMPKIN—where's the rest of you?"

"Ha! ha!" TONY laughed, with hilarity quite unpleasant in the circumstances; "as usual, I'm all here! Vapour box, doncherno; some in here; man opens the door; you get in; accommodated with a seat, as they say in Police Court reports; leave your head out of hole top of box; turn on steam inside; and there you are, doncha; parboiled, done to a turn. Very glad to see you; excuse my not shaking hands; see you later."

Glad to find it—I mean him—in such good spirits; not quite sure

it was all right till later in day came upon him, fully dressed, with head in usual situation, his graceful form no longer hidden.

"Wonderful young-old fellow is TONY," said Count MUNDELLANI, M.P. "Been in House to my knowledge for quarter of century; but same rough-and-tumble boy he was when he used to howl at GLADSTONE bringing in his first Irish Land Bill."

"Yes," said Sir SILAS WEGG, "he's growing into a standing contradiction of the poet's dictum, that Youth and Age can't dwell together."

COUNT MUNDELLANI, beginning to get over his wrath with OLD MORALITY; threatened at onset to interfere with cure; happened on eve of Prorogation; Technical Education Bill brought on; Count, under peremptory instructions from Doctor, had started on long-deferred journey for Aix-les-Bains. "Where is Right Hon. Gentleman?" OLD MORALITY had asked in course of debate. "He takes special interest in the Measure. Why is not he here to watch it through?"

"That's all very well," says the Count; "only, would you believe it? Immediately after making this speech, OLD MORALITY went home, packed up his copy-book, and posted off by night-mail for Scotland, leaving GOSCHEN to do remaining work of Session! Wrote to him, pointing out this peculiar peroration to his little speech; have long letter in reply; just like one of his answers to questions in House. Here it is:—

"MY DEAR COUNT, "Steam Yacht 'Pandora,' Ultima Thule.

"I have received your letter in which you point out—or, perhaps, I should say, endeavour to point out—an alleged diversity between my personal practice and my public animadversions. In this connection I would recall to your mind a passage wherein EMERSON (an American writer of some reputation), points to the fact that we do not dig, or grind, or hew, by our muscular strength, but by bringing the weight of the planet to bear on the spade, axe, or bar. Precisely analogous to this is the operation upon my daily action of my sense of duty to the Queen and the country, tempered always, I trust, by my desire to meet the views of gentlemen having seats in all parts of the House.

"I am sorry if, in yielding to this impulse, I have offended you; but I have nothing to hide from the House, or from any Hon. or Right, Hon. Gentleman who may hold a seat in it. I have been perfectly frank with you, it being my habit to abhor all concealment where no real disgrace can attend unreserve. To aim at the restraint of sentiments which are not in themselves illaudible, appears to me not merely an unnecessary effort, but a disgraceful subjection of reason to commonplace and mistaken notions.

"I will only add, that I have not had an opportunity, owing to geographical situation, of consulting my colleagues on this question, and if there is any failure, it rests entirely with me.

"I beg to move—I mean, I beg to remain—

"Yours faithfully,

W. H. SM-TH."

All this, by the way, happened days after that following on my arrival, when, as aforesaid, I was standing at window looking down



on the Lake. The door opened; thought it was garçon bringing in letters; still feasted on beauties of sunlit Lake and Valley; a thumping tread; a stumbling as of men carrying heavy burden; turned quickly; discovered two strong porters in blouses carrying sort of tent on stretcher; didn't see me behind window-curtain;



MEMS. FOR THE MOORS.

(By Our City Sporting Friend.)

"IF YOU HAPPEN TO WING A BIRD, CATCH IT—AS YOU BEST CAN!"

rather glad of it; didn't like their looks or goings on. They opened tent; discovered human body closely swathed in blankets and winding sheets; evidently on track of tragedy; was this *Jack l'Eventreur*, or, seeing they were two—and French so particular about the plural—should I say *JACQUES*? Only it occurs to me that "*JACQUES*" is "*JAMES*," and so—but no matter,—to my story. Not a word spoken; *JACQUES* lifted the body between them and laid it on my bed. Drew the cere-cloths; I caught sight of a pair of brown eyes and cheeks, remarkably rosy for a corpse. Perceiving me, the Body gave a piercing shriek—"Mon dieu! Ce n'est pas ma chambre!"

"Mais vous avez dit soixante-dix?"

"Non! non!" cried the Corpse, burying its face in the pillow, "*Soixante-dix-sept*."

Without more ado, *JACQUES* took up the bundle, re-deposited it within the tent, drew the curtains, and trotted off.

A puzzle to me then; know all about it know; patients going to and from *douche* bath folded up and carried in these tented chairs; porters bring them back and put them into bed; only necessary they should have correct number of room. Never forget look of terror in brown eyes when, fixed on me standing at window, discovered there had been mistake somewhere. "Like stout *CORTÈZ*," *SILAS WHEG* said, when I told him of the adventure—

"—When with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

I say "Yes," tho', to tell the truth, I was not thinking of *CORTÈZ* at the moment.

LANDING THE NOT OVER-PARTICULAR PIKE.

Some more Sporting Notes from our Special Reporter.

3 P.M.—It seems to me that we have been now "whipping" this pool for something like seven hours and a half without any result, and though I have got no less than three of my capitally made blue-bottle flies attached to my line, I am positive that as yet I have not had an approach to a "rise." I began of course with one fly, and though, it being as large as a small Bath bun, I thought an ordinary salmon might have noticed it, especially as, owing to my

finding the drawing-room ceiling-mop not very pliant, coupled with the fact that I was new to the work, I could not "play" my fly very well, but dragged it about in a series of wobbling splashes over the surface of the water in a way certainly calculated



to attract the attention of any observant fish beneath, still I could not get a bite, so tacked on a couple more. As I swung and whirl this handsome "bait" about, at one moment bringing it down with a regular thud upon the surface of the pool, and at another jerking it upward again with a sudden rush that raises a great wave as it quits the water, I cannot help feeling astonished at the stupidity of the fish that should again and again let go the chance of securing such a really capital mouthful, and I venture to remark as much to the "*Gillie*"—I think he is called a "*Gillie*"—who has been most considerably told off by the Laird to look after us and assist us in our preparations for our fishing. The *Gillie*, who, ever since he set eyes on our tackle, seems to have been completely awe-struck, and has preserved a grumpy silence, merely mumbles something in very broad Scotch, from which all I can gather is something about "such a blather wi' such a bit teckle iss enuff to scare effery blessed fush whateffer clane richt out o' the pool altogether."

And here I must say something about our "tackle," which I am afraid has somewhat seriously discredited our reputation as sportsmen. You may remember I noticed how much our host seemed to be impressed, I feared, not favourably, on our arrival at the Lodge on the previous evening, and I soon discovered when we assembled at dinner, that at least three of the party staying in the house were distinguished rods, keenly alive to the very latest improvements in tackle, and regarding angling and all that concerned it from a high stand-point that placed it almost on the level of a science. I felt instinctively in such company that it would be worse than folly to let it be known that the Bulgarian Count's rod consisted of a chimney-sweep's apparatus, though I felt, if the worst came to the worst, I might manage to convey the impression that the formidable size of the fish in the South-East of Europe necessitated the use of a thoroughly tough tackle of this description.

I was not, however, far out in my calculations, for on the Laird asking the Chief what fly he used, and the latter jumping up, and seizing the carving-fork, and saying, "Im no fly but this. Yah! yah! 'Im jump on fish, and stick this golly into 'im stomach. Yah! yah!" I could see that, though our host endeavoured to tone the observation down with a "Dear me! You don't say so!" he was very much annoyed, and evidently considered that, in introducing this sort of sport into the ordinary and accepted methods of conducting salmon-fishing on a Highland "run," I had taken quite an undue advantage of his hospitality.

I was not, therefore, surprised when, holding a brief converse apart with some of his other guests, he came up after dinner to me, and said he thought, as I and my two foreign friends had apparently been more familiar with Oriental fashions of casting, and so forth, and might probably like to conduct our operations in our own way, he proposed to divide the party, and take the left bank himself, with a couple of distinguished local rods, and tell off a keeper to look after myself and my two foreign friends, who would take us to a capital bit of water that he thought would just be about just suited to our purposes, and provide us more with the sort of sport we seemed disposed to relish.

There was nothing for it, of course, but to acquiesce, but this is how it has come about that I have, as I have previously stated, been now about seven hours and a half hanging about in a drizzling rain, slipping down every minute on scattered boulders, and lashing a foaming torrent that seems bursting from everywhere on all sides of me at once, with about fifty yards of paid-out line, to the end of which are attached three of my bluebottle flies, by this time together with a mass of weeds, in which they have caught, mixed up in a hopeless tangle. Above us is the "pool," into which the Bulgarian Count has twice tumbled, overbalanced, I fancy, by the enormous weight of his rod, to which, however, clinging, as it kept him easily afloat, he has both times been washed through the narrow gorge into my water, from which the Gillie and I have had no little trouble in rescuing him, and he is now somewhat exhausted, drying for the second time on the bank as well as he can in the wind and rain.

The Indian Chief I have lost sight of for the last four or five hours, and as he came provided merely with a pitch-fork and large carving-knife, and, after plunging several times into the pool and intimating that he could find no fish in it, started off, spite my earnest protestations, to join the other party, and as I fancy not long since I caught the sound of an uproar of angry voices in that direction, I am afraid he must have been interfering in some unexpected and unpleasant way, and occasioning the Laird some annoyance and trouble. I thought so! For here he comes, yelling and leaping along the left bank, flourishing in one hand the carving-knife, and in the other—yes, it absolutely is, *the tail of a large-sized salmon!*

But, dear me, what is this? Why, there is something actually tugging at my line. Yes, there is no mistake about it. *It never can be a bite!* Halloa, wait a moment, though. By Jove, I believe it is. Yes, and if I don't take care, it will have the waggoner's whip off the top. There must be something up, for the Gillie, who has preserved a stolid and sulky silence all the morning, is on his legs now, watching my proceedings with a show of interest, and is bawling out some directions to me, but I can't catch what he says above the roar of the waters. "Pay out more, mon!" or is it, "Haul in more, mon?" I can't make out. By Jove whatever it is that is tugging will have me off this rock if it keeps it up. "Pay out?" I have paid out the last yard. I must let go, or I shall be in. Ha! the Chief has seen me, and is coming to my assistance. He has given a wild war-whoop, sprung into the air, and disappeared with a header like a flash of lightning below the surface. But, by Jove, I can't stand this. Yes, he *must* have got hold of the fish. The tugging is fearful. I feel I can't hold on much longer. I thought so! *I'm in!*

Half-choked and blinded with the swirl of waters, I find myself being raised up on the bank by the Bulgarian Count and the Gillie, a few feet further down, struggling with an enormous fish (my fish), that he has got round the waist, the Chief is also emerging from the water. In another moment he has deposited the creature, which is still leaping and bounding about uncomfortably, before us.

"Well," I say, in triumph, "it has taken some time. But three cheers for me, I have landed my first salmon."

I notice a nasty twinkle in the Gillie's eyes, "Salmon," he says, "sure it's nae salmon ye've just got here."

"Not a salmon!" I ask with indignant incredulity, "then what is it?"

"What is it?" continues the imperturbably disagreeable Gillie. "Why it's just a pair deil of a twenty-pound pike, and to have risen to that teckle of yours, not an over-particular fusche neither."

I am about to reply, when I notice that the Laird and the two other "rods," have come up, and are asking angrily for the Chief. It is evidently something about the tail of that salmon. It is really very awkward.

I wonder what mischief he has been up to!



A MUSICIAN OF THE FUTURE.

(Early Playing at Sight.)

THE DISPASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

(Modern Style.)

It is not that I do not love you, sweet,
That I have been so niggard of love's gold;
The world, and thought's world, nothing like you hold.
Wrapp'd in love's royal robe from head to feet.

If many times a day we chance to meet,
The flame of joy grows not with custom cold,
As Summer's thronging splendours still unfold
A light more perfect, a diviner heat.

Yes, and I hope, with reverent delight,
That if I dared to ask so sweet a prize,
You would be brave through blushes, and your eyes
With a serene delight grown brilliant.
Would, like an angel's in the vision'd night,
Look their clear love, unhidden by restraint.

II.

Yes; but the prize obtained, the atmosphere
Of mystic richness round the shrined saint
Would take perforce the suburb's smoky taint,
And love less precious prove, though not less dear.
Your sweet sonatas, that I thrill to hear,
Would mock the memory then with tinklings faint
In some trim villa parlour, fresh as paint,
Where all things look too new, and all too near.

So Summer wanes, and leafless are the boughs,
And all the sunny bloom and colour dies,
And my queer tempers try you, and your eyes
Speak of poor household cares, 'neath furrow'd brows.
No! let us spare the immolating vows,
And keep love sacred from realities.

STRIKING OBSERVATIONS.—Mr. BURNS said last Thursday that the lesson of the Strike was, that "a man on cold water—he meant himself—could do more than a man on beer." He subsequently remarked that there was still "a good deal of the Old Adam in the Dock labourers." Naturally, after so much Adam's ale.

A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

Lundy—Comparison—The Island—Pic-nic—Sport—Clovelly—Hobby—Kingsley—Hooking It.

As in certain parts of Scotland the object of everybody is to show everybody else Ben Lomond, to rush round corners and surprise the unwary traveller with a sudden view of Ben Lomond, or, if Ben plays hide-and-seek with them and conceals himself from view behind impenetrable mist, the only other idea of passing the time in his absence is by guessing in what quarter he would be visible if the clouds would only lift, and in a general way making Old Ben the sole subject of conversation, so about the North Coast of Devon,—nobody is thoroughly happy for the day unless he has caught at least one glimpse of Lundy Island, and tried to make a probable forecast of the weather from its appearance.

PETER CORRIE, our Poet, who is well up in folk lore, informs us that there is an old tradition about Lundy which, he thinks, runs like this:—

When Lundy is clear, | When Lundy is high, | When Lundy is low,
Then rain is near. | It's sure to be dry. | Look out for snow.

"I always thought that Lundy was a place where they made snuff," says GILLIE KING.

"Good for pic-nic," observes Miss NETLEY, telegraphing her opinion. She is right. It is. A few days later, under the shadow of a rock, Miss NETLEY, who delights in appearing as a female Robinson



The Pigeon-Pirates of Lundy Island.

Crusoe on a desert island, deftly spreads our table-cloth, arranges the bread and fowl which have been deftly cut into portions under the personal superintendence of Our Own Mrs. Cook, and places the hook and soda-water in a natural wine-cooler, formed for the nonce by a miniature cave. We have had a three-hours' voyage on an exceptionally lovely but broiling hot day, and having left the majority of our party at Clovelly, GILLIE KING, Miss NETLEY, TOM TROWLER, and myself, are enjoying ourselves heartily, and two of us, speaking for GILLIE and self, reposefully. TOM TROWLER, however, is never absolutely in repose. If HARRY SKRYMMAGER were here, he and Tom would go bounding off together without stopping more than a second for a snack. In the absence of HARRY, TOM is comparatively quiet. TOM is a type of a young sporting Englishman, who, being of opinion that wherever he goes there must be something to be caught by line, or net, in river or sea, or something to be shot and cooked, or ridden after or run after, to be chased, killed, stuffed, or eaten, never travels anywhere without rods, lines, cartridges, guns, nets, boots for fishing and hunting, spearing tackle and various other mysterious appliances, and so is prepared for every kind of sport, from butterfly-hunting to mole-catching. On this occasion he has got a lot of warlike instruments with him, and no sooner has he swallowed a mouthful, tossed off a pint of Bass, lit a pipe, and sat still for at least three minutes, than he is away across the island, fully equipped for sport. Only half-an-hour after he has started, "The horn of the hunter is not heard on the hill," but our steamer's ruthless whistle blows, and when all, that is about twenty persons who have landed, of whom the majority on this blazing hot day have strewn themselves about the island rocks like listless lotoseaters, while the minority have climbed up to the "Stores" in search of food and drink,—for there is no inn, only a couple of houses belonging to the same person, and a coastguard station,—when all these explorers have re-embarked in the boat, thundering down the craggy road comes TOM TROWLER, at a pace of

ten miles an hour, rattling like a savage warrior on the war-path with bags, guns, and rods, and singing out "Hi!" as the second boat-load is just pushing off. In another second our perspiring sportsman is taken on board.

"Just in time," says the weather-beaten old paddler in the stern. "You'd not ha' gat arf this, onless th' old tug"—jerkng his head in the direction of a steam-tug at anchor in the bay—"had taken yer, and that earst a party a matter o' ten pounds to get back to 'Coombe th' other day, I heerd tell."

"Shot anything?" I ask. We always ask TOM TROWLER this. "No," he replies, cheerfully, "I saw one small bird—I don't exactly know what he was,—but I couldn't come up with him; and then I went after a diver, but he disappeared. I saw a lot of wild fowl, and I should have had a splendid shot at 'em, and made a good bag, only that blessed steam-whistle frightened 'em all off, and I had to run the whole way back."

He lights a pipe, and is perfectly contented and cheerful over his day's sport. It's always much the same with TOM TROWLER. I remember him a few years ago, just the same, at his father's house in the country. I've known him go out before daylight and lie in damp punts, and be pelted on by hail and rain, and come back drenched through his thickest Jerseys, and squelching in water which has got into his fisherman's boots.

When seated in a comfortable room after dinner, before a fire, with a pipe, book, and coffee, I have asked him, cheerily and sympathetically, as if once upon a time I, too, had done this sort of thing, and been a great Nimrod, or Fishing-rod, or Ram-rod, or all three combined. "Ab, Tom, back at last! shot anything?" when he has invariably answered, as cheerily as possible, and in the highest possible spirits, "No, nothing. But I saw a lot of birds." And then follows his account of what havoc he would have made among the birds, beasts, or fishes, if only something hadn't happened just at the very critical moment to prevent him. Once, after being out all day, he came home two hours late for dinner, to the large family party in the TROWLERS' country house, appearing in the hall in full accoutrements—he had been prepared for shooting and fishing, so as not to lose a chance—and in answer to everyone's question, "Shot anything?" with great glee he produced the smallest woodcock I ever remember to have seen.

Then there was such rejoicing! If he had killed a fine fat buck, and if the cravings of the family for food had been amply satisfied by the result of Tom's day's sport, there couldn't have been greater joy than there was in the house of TROWLER on this occasion. Old TROWLER, his father, slapped him heartily on the shoulder, and cried "Bravo!" Mrs. TROWLER almost wept with emotion, his sisters kissed him and then stood back and regarded him with admiration; his younger brothers smiled and felt proud, though a little envious, of him, and as for the youthful TROWLERS from thirteen to seven years old, they leapt and skipped and were for running off there and then to wake up the baby and show him what their brave brother Tom had achieved. But being stopped in time from upsetting the nursery and frightening the infant out of his first sleep and into a fit, they carried off the diminutive bird in triumph to the kitchen, and the next day we all partook of it—a party of fourteen we were—solemnly and in great state, as a *bonnebouche* for lunch. TOM nobly refused his portion of the dainty, amounting to about the sixteenth part of an inch of flesh with a microscopic bone in it as sharp as a needle, and sat watching the consumption of the bird—an operation which, including picking the bones quite clean, occupied the family fully three minutes,—with the greatest possible satisfaction; and on his face there beamed the smile of one who felt he had been the support of his parents in their old age, who had rescued his kith and kin from starvation, and, in fact, had not lived in vain. What's sport to TOM TROWLER is fun even for the birds, beasts, and fishes.

However, this is a diversion—so was TOM TROWLER's—and has not much to do with Lundy Island, which is well worth a visit, if you get the right day, the right steamer, the right luncheon, and your own party. But don't attempt it in a sailing-vessel, unless you are yachting, and have plenty of time on hand.

Lundy is supposed to be connected with the mainland (according to the Guide Book) by telegraphic cable. It wasn't when we were there, as we found the cable broken near the spot where we lunched. We proposed picking up the pieces and forwarding them to either the Admiralty, or the Post Office, but being unable to determine on its destination, we left it for the next Robinson-Crusoe.

Lundy Island, as being perfectly isolated, might serve for a loper



After a Day's Sport.

station, or a cholera hospital. It must be a cheerful place in winter, yet, as snow never lies there (so at least I am informed, and I have no reason for suspecting my informant of being the very converse of the snow in this district), and as its climate is mild, if a fashionable doctor would only take up Lundy as a hibernating resort for consumptive patients, there is yet a great future before it. We return to take up friends at Clovelly, where, on this hot day, they have been scarcely able to breathe, and have had to fight for their lives with wasps. Stuff place Clovelly; built like one of the back streets in Boulogne,—where the fishermen and fisherwomen live, and hang out their nets to dry,—that is on steps from the sea up to the top, a matter of about half a mile, more or less, in the Up-early-and-very-perpendicular style.

Nearly all the fishermen's cottages are let out in lodgings, and, if not, they are turned into refreshment-places, chiefly for tea-drinking. The residents make a great display of china on their shelves. In bygone days the china at Clovelly was probably genuinely valuable, but nowadays its appearance is suggestive of having been sent down on spec from the Lowther Arcade. Another day, when we visited this place, and drove through the beautiful "Hobby Drive" (why so called? except that, to make such a drive, was the landlord's "hobby"), there had been a heavy fall of rain, and we saw Clovelly below us, literally steaming, like a damp sheet laid out on a shelving bank to dry in the sun.

From above Clovelly looks like the remains of a village which had once taken it into its head to slide down the steep incline towards the sea, and, half of it having disappeared, the remainder had changed its mind, and put on the drag just in time. Clovelly is the production of several generations of fishers, but it was "made" by Mr. Hook, R.A. You will recognise his boatmen and sea-boys still about the place, as it is to the interest of the inhabitants to, as it were, keep up the breed. Here, on the old pier, within the space between the rail and the beacon-light, a tight fit for one average woman, are supposed to have sat KINGSLY's three wives, I mean, the wives of his *Three Fishers*. Evidently a stretch of imagination. The pier is the oldest pier of the realm, belonging to the peerage of RICHARD THE SECOND.

Nursery Rhyme.

DICKORY, Dickory, Dook!
The Cardinal picked the dead look.
The men struck. Then
They worked agen,
Dickory, Victory, Dook!

PLEASANT PROSPECT IN HOLIDAY-TIME.—The competitors for the prize to be given for the best Essay on the International Monetary System will send their Manuscripts to Mr. GOSCHEN, who, it is hoped, "will consent to act as Judge." This is too much of a side-splitter even for that man of metal, our own JOHN JOKIN'. Being out for a holiday, let him stick to his coin of 'vantage, and refuse the honour.



"RAISING THE (TRADE) WIND."

Cardinal Manning. "THERE, THAT'S RIGHT! BOTH BE REASONABLE, AND WORK TOGETHER. BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHO has read "A Ghostly Manifestation," in the July Number of *Murray's Magazine*, by "A CLEGGYMAN," who withholds his name, and gives no clue as to the time or place of this "Manifestation"? I can strongly recommend it to all lovers of the marvellous, though the effect is somewhat discounted by there being nothing marvellous in the fact of the author remaining anonymous and being silent upon all points that ought to assist investigation. No matter, it is a good story for all that. Let's hope it's true. It would afford excellent material for the Spiritualistic Conference sitting in Paris.

MR. FRANK A. MARSHALL is to be congratulated, as are also his talented assistants, on the Sixth Volume of the *HENRY IRVING Shakespeare*, containing *Othello*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus* and *Lear*. Strong *dramatis personæ*. Among the talented assistants who have done excellent work are Mr. JOSEPH KNIGHT, The First Knight Critic, Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS, who has worked with a will, and at a WILL. The literary forces being thus marshalled, F. M. himself was, unfortunately, not well enough to appear. Mr. OSCAR FAT ADAMS assisted Mr. VERITY with *King Lear*, and shows himself quite "O. FAT" with his subject. Some of the illustrations, by Messrs. MARGETSON and GORDON BROWNE, are uncommonly good. In *Desdemona* there is a suggestion of Miss ELLEN TERRY, and in *Cleopatra* a hint of SARAH BERNHARDT. What a *Cleopatra* she would make! Could Mrs. BERNARD BAKER do it? A magnificent spectacle it might be made, and there is scope for very fine acting. In this admirably arranged edition of *SHAKESPEARE* it is interesting to see how much of the original has always been omitted for stage representation, and instructive to read the history of each play's representations.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

GOOD FOR HYMN.—The *Pall-Mall Gazette* wished that the termination of the strike could have been celebrated by a grand service at St. Paul's, when Cardinal MANNING should officiate, Mr. BURNS preach, and other fancy religionists sing hymns of praise. Were such a jumble possible, of course the one chorus of praise which the Strikers would strike up, and in which all would join, would be The Docks-ology.



MONSIEUR, MADAME. ET BÉBÉ.

"CONFOUND THEIR POLITICS!"

A SONG OUT OF SEASON.

John Bull sadly sings:—

"COME out, 'tis now September!"
So goes the good old glee.
Ah me! I can remember,
When it rang sweet to me,
But in this period shocking
Of strife and party din,
Such invitation's mocking
To one "kept in."

The turnips and the stubbles,
The trout-streams and the moors,
Are there; but here are troubles
Of strikes and spouting bores.
Speech-padded morning papers,
Prolix and dull as lead,
Give a tired man the vapours,
Yet must be read.

To talk of the Vacation
Is just a bitter joke.
No change of occupation,
No lifting of the yoke,
Comes with the mellow Autumn;
Quidnuncs are still on quest,
Toilings have not yet taught 'em
The joys of rest.

Time was when closed St. Stephen's
Meant close of mouth and ear,
Now silence never leaves
The shindy of the year.
The platform spouter preaches,
The pulpit preachers shout;
'Tis speeches, speeches, speeches,
Year in, year out!

Wire-pullers fume and fluster,
Their tired but talky slaves
Obediently muster
When Nature scattering graves.

At bye-elections boastful,
At Caucus-gatherings hot,
They'll spout my *Morning Post* full
Of rabid rot.

GLADSTONE'S brought back from Paris
Some new Campaign to plan,
RANDOM the Rads must harass,
JOE flout the Grand Old Man:
HARCOURT with buttered thunder
Will rouse the Liberal rout.
Fierce fight's ahead! I wonder
What it's about!

Oh, it would just be heaven
To pack my traps and greet
JOHN MORLEY down in Devon,
Hard by the Watersmeet;
Give that recluse a hint on
Trout-flies and salmon-hooks,
Or learn from him, at Lynton,
Of men and books.

But even in my gun-room
The party ghosts appear,
For rest, and sport, and fun room
I cannot find 'em here.
Yes, yes, the moors look pleasant
This Autumn morn, no doubt;
But hang it, *Punch*, at present,
I can't get out.

SOMETHING LIKE A RESUSCITATION.—The Revival of *The Dead Heart*. The sprightly Tittle-tattler of the *P. M. G.* says of the *Dead Heart*, "The revolutionary dance should be exciting." Why? Is the waltz exciting? Yet there is no more "revolutionary dance" than the waltz. How many revolutions a minute are there in a waltz?

Of the Turf Turfy.

LORD LUCRE has a "crack" of splendid pace;
He runs it off its legs, just "to make hay,"
Then sells it. Scandal to the human race [Sir,
Is the inhuman racer!

HOLIDAY WISDOM.

THE *British Medical Journal* wisely warns the middle-aged tourist against over-exertion in his autumn holiday. "The annual holiday," it says, "is essentially adapted to the tastes and habits of youth." The "hard-worked man over forty," with whom "the digestive and circulatory functions are often seriously at fault," tries to fall—or rise—into the spirit of adolescent holiday activity, and naturally fails, or suffers for a partial success. "The middle-aged tourist must be chary of undertaking tasks which involve physical fatigue which could be undergone with ease when he was younger." Words of wisdom these, though "vanity glorious" middle-age, with proud memories of earlier prowess as walker or climber, is unwilling to admit the truth of them. Let the M. A. T. lay them to heart. He is in "the prime of life,"—of course—let him *keep* in it, by not ambitiously trying to hark back to the "early prime" of youth, elastic, wiry, well-winded, *with* digestion and *without* "stomach,"—which after all is quite another "prime." To put it epigrammatically, after a celebrated model:—

Middle-Aged Tourist (wistfully). Fain would I climb, but that my "wind" seems small.

Medical Adviser (decisively). If thy heart's flabby, do not climb at all!

NOTE FOR BRITISH ASSOCIATION OMITTED BY MR. A. B. W. KENNEDY, F.R.S., IN HIS DISCOURSE AT NEWCASTLE.—Sometimes names are in keeping with the fitness of things. Take for instance, "Porr's Compressed Air System." What more appropriate name for the inventor of a "compressed air system" than "POPP"? Air is compressed in a vessel, and then "POPP goes the weasel," which ancient ditty, if revived and adapted to the occasion, might achieve a new POPP-ularity.



“CONFOUND THEIR POLITICS!”

MR. PUNCH. “NOW THEN, JOHN,—AREN'T YOU COMING?”

MR. BULL. “COMING! WHAT, WITH ALL *THIS* TO GET THROUGH! I WISH TO GOODNESS THERE WAS A ‘CLOSE TIME’ FOR *SPEECHES*!!”



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A GENTLE HINT.

Groom. "BEG PARDON, MISS! BUT IF YOU WAS TO 'IT THE SADDLE A LITTLE LESS 'ARD, IT 'UD BE BETTER FOR BOTH YOU AND THE 'OSS!"

"MERRY MARGIT" AS IT IS.

(Another Communication from the side of the Dear Sea Waves.)

I WAS told it was greatly improved—that there were alterations in the sea-front suggestive of the best moments of the Thames Embankment—that quite "smart" people daily paraded the pier. So having had enough of "Urn-bye," I moved on. The improvements scarcely made themselves felt at the Railway Station. Seemingly they had not attracted what Mr. JAMES would call "the upper snickles." There were the customary British middle-class matron from Peckham, looking her sixty summers to the full in a sailor hat; the sea-side warrior first cousin to the Billiard-marker Captain with flashy rings, beefy hands, and a stick of pantomime proportions, and the theatrical lady whose connection with the stage I imagine was confined to capering before the footlights. However, they all were there, as I had seen them any summer these twenty years.

But I had been told to go to the Pier, and so to the Pier I went, glancing on my way at the entertainers on the sands, many of whom I found to be old friends. Amongst them was the "h"-less phenologist, whose insight into character, apparently satisfied the parents of any child whose head he selected to examine. Thus, if he said that a particularly stupid-looking little boy would make a good architect, schoolmaster, or traveller for fancy goods, a gentleman in an alpaca-coat, and a wide-awake hat would bow gratified acquiescence, a demonstration that would also be evoked from a lady in a dust cloak, when the lecturer insisted that a giggling little girl would make a "first-rate dressmaker and cutter-out."

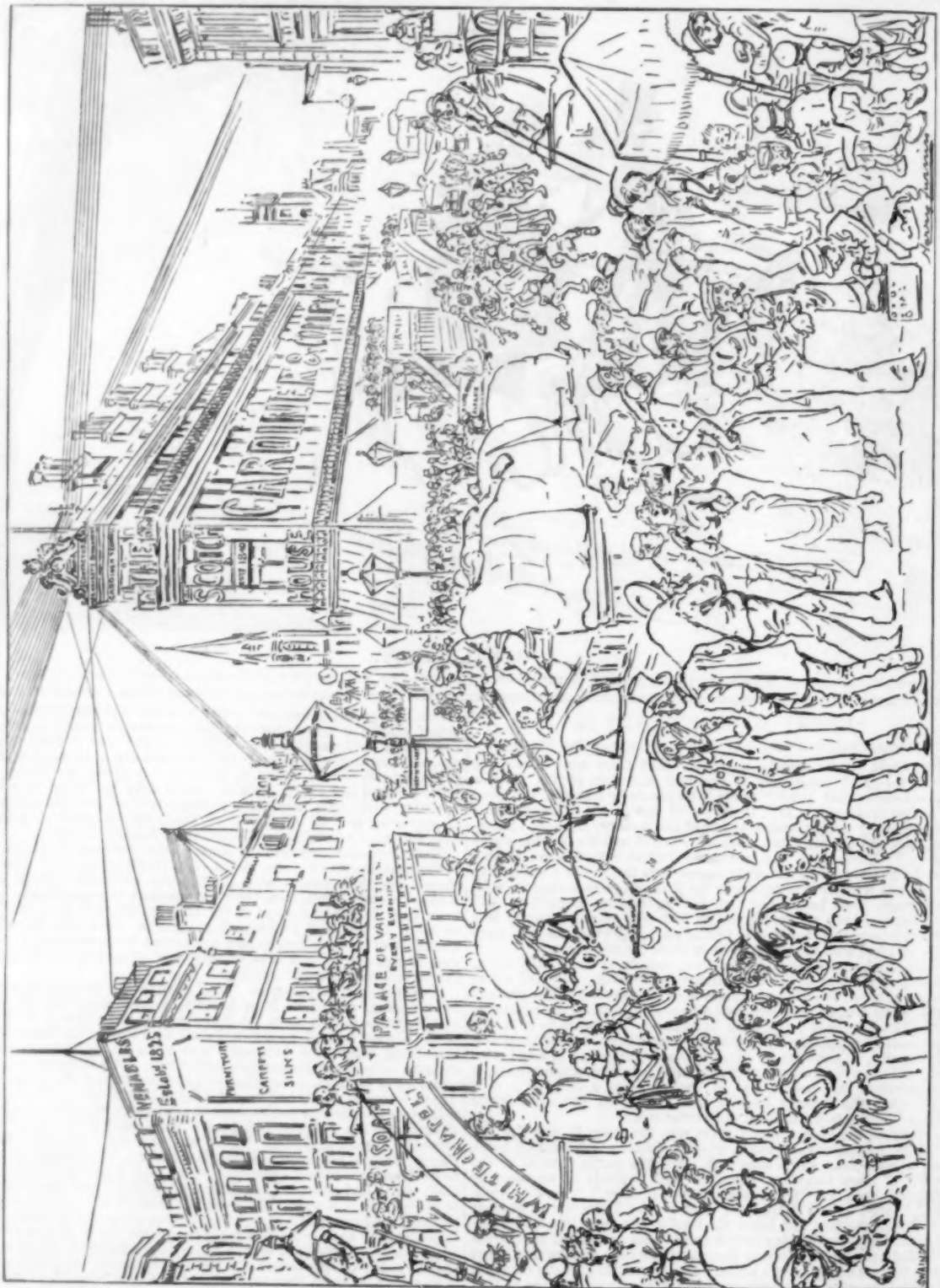
Arrived at the Pier, I found there was twopenny to pay for the privilege of using the extension, which included a restaurant, a band, some talented fleas, and a shop with a window partly devoted to the display of glass tumblers, engraved with legends of an amusing character, such as "Good old Mother-in-Law," "Jack's Night Cap," "Aunt Julia's Half Pint," and so on. There were a number of seats and shelters, and below the level of the shops was a landing-stage, at which twice a day two steamers from or to London removed or landed passengers. During the rest of the four-and-twenty hours it seemed to be occupied by a solitary angler, catching chiefly seaweed. The Band, in spite of its uniform, was not nearly so military as that at "Urn Bye." It contained a pianoforte—an instrument upon

which I found the young gentleman who sold the programmes practising during a pause between the morning's selection and the afternoon's performances. But still the Band was a very tuneful one, and increased the pleasure that the presence of so many delightful promenaders was bound to produce. Many of the ladies who walked round and round, talking courteously to 'ARRY in all his varieties, wore men's habits, *pur et simple* (giving them the semblance of appearing in their shirt-sleeves), while their heads were adorned with fair wigs and sailor hats, apparently fixed on together.

These free-and-easy-looking damsels did not seem to find favour in the eyes of certain other ladies of a sedater type, who regarded them (over their novels) with undisguised contempt. These other ladies, I should think, from their conversation and appearance, must have been the very flowers of the flock of Brixton Rise, and the *crème de la crème* of Peckham Rye society. Of course there were a number of more or less known actors and actresses from London, some of them enjoying a brief holiday, and others engaged in the less lucrative occupation of "resting."

However, the dropping of "h's," even to the accompaniment of sweet music, sooner or later becomes monotonous, and so, after awhile, I was glad to leave the Pier for the attractions of the Upper Cliff. On my way I passed a Palace of Pleasure or Varieties, or Something wherein a twopenny wax-work show, seemed at the moment to be one of its greatest attractions. This Show contained a Chamber of Horrors, a scene full of quiet humour of NAPOLEON THE THIRD Lying in State, and an old Effigy of GEORGE THE THIRD. The Collection included the waxen head of a Nonconformist Minister, who, according to the lecturer, had been "Very good to the poor," preserved in a small deal-box. There was also the "Key-Dyevie" of Egypt, General GORDON, and Mrs. MAYBRICK. Tearing myself away from these miscellaneous memories of the past, I ascended to the East Cliff, which had still the "apartments-furnished" look that was wont to distinguish it of yore. There was no change there; and as I walked through the town, which once, as a watering-place, was second only in importance to Bath,—which a century ago had for its M.C. a rival of BEAU NASH,—I could not help thinking how astonished the ghosts of the fine ladies and gentlemen who visited "Merigate" in 1789 must be, if they are able to see their successors of to-day—"Good Old CHAWLIE CADD," and Miss TOPSIE STUART PLANTAGENET, *née* TOMPKINS.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 81.



LONDON EMPTY. No. 3.—EAST.

"BETWEEN YOU AND ME AND THE POST."

DEAR MR. PUNCH, I am entirely at one with your Correspondent "A PERPLEXED ORNITHOLOGIST" in his protest against the system, so complacently referred to in the Postmaster-General's Report, of permitting tomtits to build nests in letter-boxes, where, it seems they are actually capable, by some singular freak of Nature, of hatching the contents of such envelopes as they select for incubation. I need scarcely point out, Sir, how necessary it is to the community at large that the discretion and dispatch of the Postal Service and the inviolability of private correspondence should not be prejudiced by indiscretions of this kind. There is grave reason to suspect that the evil is more widely spread than the Postmaster-General represents,—as the following experience of my own may serve to show.

Some time ago, I had occasion to give a friend information of an extremely private and delicate nature respecting the character and antecedents of an acquaintance. I subsequently found, to my extreme surprise, that the facts contained in my communication had become common knowledge in the village to which the missive had been addressed, and—what was still more curious—the explanation was in each case identically the same—they all said—"a little bird had told them!"

That a tomtit, or a bird of similar propensities, must have established itself at some point along the postal route, seems to me now too clear to admit of doubt, and I only regret that I was unable to set up this defence in the action for libel which was subsequently brought against me, as it might have made a material difference in the verdict of the jury. For you see, Sir, that, even if I had taken the precaution of enclosing my revelations in a sealed envelope, instead of committing them to a simple post-card, as I incautiously did,—that would not have protected them from the interference of the bird, and yet my negligence in this respect was made one of the points

in the case against me! Trusting that my example may serve as a warning to any who, like myself, may feel constrained to denounce the *Rascal* and the *Hypocrite* at all costs (mine were scandalous), I am, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours always,

ONE WHO PREFERS TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

The Wilderness.

THERE is nothing, to a Naturalist, inherently improbable in the Postmaster-General's account of a Tomtit which succeeded in hatching five young letters in a private letter-box, though I do not remember, in the course of a tolerably long experience, to have come across this very interesting form of hybrid. But, while he was about it, Sir, I do think the Postmaster-General might have made some mention of my Pelican in his Report! I had this bird from the egg upwards, and it always showed a curious predilection for the Post Office, until, on reaching maturity, it established itself in a neighbouring pillar-box, with its bill protruding from the slit. In this vagary, of course, it could not be indulged, and the Authorities, pleased with the bird's enthusiasm, and alive to the demand for extra postal accommodation, kindly had the pelican painted the official scarlet, and stationed it at the corner of our road as a kind of deputy animated pillar-box on its own account. It will hardly be believed, Sir, that the creature discharged its duties with the most admirable punctuality and method, never once omitting to stalk majestically at the stated hours of collection to the local post-office, where it submitted with exemplary docility to be cleared. The only

complaint I ever heard made was, that it would insist on arbitrarily ejecting all letters which it considered insufficiently stamped, and that a manuscript *Ode to Spring*, by a young lady, which she addressed to your periodical, and placed herself in the bird's pouch, was never heard of again. But these, Sir, are small things, and the fact remains that the bird—had it survived till this Spring—would have been almost certainly recommended for a "good-conduct" stripe. Alas, that distinction it was fated never to receive! Christmas came, and it fell a victim to conventional popular sentiment, and its own high sense of duty. We sent away a larger quantity of Christmas Cards than usual that season; and the poor bird, though it did its best, succumbed to its strenuous efforts to accommodate them. It was found on the Green, with an unhinged bill and a burst pouch, breathing its last on a litter of lithographed good-wishes and compliments of the season! I may be wrong, Sir, but I confess to the opinion that this instance of unostentatious heroism in pelican life is at least as worthy of being enshrined in the Post-office Report as the mere blind instinct of motherhood on the part of a Tomtit, which has somewhat capriciously been preferred for immortalisation! I remain, Sir,

Yours veraciously,

PLUSHKIN JEE, F.R.Z.S.

Isthmian Club.

PUNCH, OLD CHAFFIE,

WHAT price large gooseberries? Good old Postmaster-General and his Tomtit! He romps off with the currant-loaf, and no one in the same field with him. But joking apart, dear boy, I'm beginning to get a notion that the letter-box at the place where an old Aunt of mine hangs out (and hangs on) wants looking into. I've written her appeals which would have extracted oof from an automatic scent-distributor when something has gone wrong with the works, but, though the old girl replies regularly enough, I have never yet found a perceptible trace of oof in the letters when they turn up at my end! Isn't there just an off-chance that some confounded little feathered Johnny goes and sits on them in the box, and

hatches a brood of little oof-birds? Wherever the little beggars fly to when they're fledged, they don't come and roost with

Yours impecuniously,

CHARLES CHIPLESS.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE."—A Correspondent abroad sends us this cutting, from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of September 12:—

"FOR ENGLISHMEN.—An older gentleman, Englishman or American, will find at november a agreeable home and careful footing in the house of a cultivated widow in Bayreuth who understands the English."

As there might be a rush of "older gentlemen" anxious to avail themselves of this chance, we suppress the Advertiser's address.

PROBABLE TABLE-TURNING.—Will the new Prince of MONACO encourage or prohibit the gambling? Were the great gaming-house turned into a Bath and Club-house, would not Monte Carlo be more crowded than ever, and that, too, by reputable visitors? *Faites le jeu, Altesse!* The Rouge-et-Blanc Principality, the whole world, and the half-world too, is asking what will be the Prince's little game?

Questions sent to, and answered by, our new Agricultural Chaplin, whose work in the Ministry is not to be confounded with that of a Rural Dean:—Q. "Sir, when my gardener uses his scythe on my lawn, may I speak of him as giving it the 'coup de grass'?"—A. "Yes. I should call this a *jeu de mow*. H. C." Q. "When is the right time to cut my corn?"—A. "When it hurts you. H. C."



VACATION TIME. THE G. O. M. ON TOUR.

'ARRY ON THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

DEAR CHARLIE.—My 'oliday's over. I've bin down in Devon this year, Where I've climbed sech a lot of 'igh 'ills that I'm blowed if my legs ain't gone queer.

Dead dotty, like *Chitabob*, CHARLIE. Next time, if I 'ave my own pick, I mean spotting some place where life isn't all muckintogs, climbing, and stick.



'Arry a Parry.

Pooty scenery's all very proper, but then it ain't everyone cares

For a fortnit of bellowing busters where walks is all getting upstair.

I'm fair touched in the wind with long scrambles in gaiters and waterproof coat.

'ARR's got a good leg of his own, but he ain't like a dashed mountain goat.

Coming back in the train I got reading; that don't often 'appen with me.

But the comp'ny was mugs, so I tried for a spell at the good old *D. T.*

It 'as turned on its old Autumn tap of long letters. The question this bout

Appears to be, "Is Life Worth Living?" leastways that 's as I made it out.

Worth living? Wot next, dear old pal? Wy, the geesers might just as well ask

If Drink is worth Drinking! To anser that question ain't much of a task.

It depends on the tap of the tippie! You ask any man with a thrust If lotion 's worth lapping; there's only one thing as he 'll want to know fust.

Says he, "Is it lotion, or catlap?" Jest so; and it's ditto with Life.

All these mugs as spin yarns about marriage, and ochre, small screws, a bad wife,

Hedgeroation and Happy-go-lucky, I say as they all miss the mark.

Life is jest the best biz in creation,—purvised you makes it a lark.

A lark, CHARLIE; that's where the laugh comes. These dockers now, out on the strike,

Most likely ain't fly to the fun of it; deesay if Rotherhithe MIKE

Could put his big paw to a pen, and explain hisself, in the *D. T.*,

When BURNS wasn't looking, he'd say as his life wasn't much of a spree.

MIKE can't, and wot's more he don't want to; tain't them 'ardest 'it as 'owls most

In this 'ere bloomin' Battle, dear boy. It is most on it cold tea and toast.

Mere ink-slinging sloop, this discussion, in which every flat who feels bad

For a cut in can hair his pet grievance or trot out his favourite fad.

'ARRY isn't no "peessymist," CHARLIE; them sort is a specie of mug

As I 'ate most pertikler, fair J's, with no heye for the snide and the snug;

Always nagging at Nature permiskus, and pulling a precious long face,

Because they'd the blessed bad luck to be booked for the great Human Race.

I should jest like to twig 'em at dinner! If some on 'em ain't got a twist

Like a fourteen-year-old at a tuck-shop, I'm wrong. It's all moonshine and mist.

Their so-called philosophy, CHARLIE. Their learning's a fat lot of use,

If it only means cackling at Nature, and hissing at Life like a goose.

I'm practical, I am, my Pippin. Yes, Life is a Battle, no doubt,

And you've got to be fly with your mawleys, or else you may get a knock-out.

We can't all be winners, that's certain. Wot of it? It's like pitch-and-toss,

Where, if everyone 'ad tossing tanners, there could be no gain, nor yet loss.

"Heads I win, mate, and tails you don't lose!" That's yer modern philanterpest cry

Of the preachers and Socialist spouters. It's kiboah, dear boy—all my eye; Pooty scheme, but won't work; pooty pattern of goods in the piece, but won't wash.

You must put up your dukes and give toko, or take it; the rest is all bosh.

I'm a Darwinite all up my back. If my hancestor perched on a tree,

He made shift to get top and nail nuts; the result, arter ages, is Me!

Not much of the monkey about me, I flatter myself as to phiz,

But I'm still on the climb arter nuts; that's life's game, and the only good biz.

The fittest survives, so they tell us; all right, my dear boy, here I am!

And there's lots of surviving in me, I can tell 'em. Oh, Life's real jam

If you only jest shove to the front; but to do that, old pal, you must shove,

And not mind all their blessed bow-wow about manners and brotherly love.

"Ware elbers!" dear boy, that's the motter; the strongest and sharpest gits all. [the wall.]

And them with short wind and weak ribs, wy in course they must go to Put yer Socialist spout in a crowd at a race, or theayter on fire,

And then see where the "kindness" comes in, mate, and who 'll be the fust to retire.

In the great Ring of Life you must fight with the raw 'uns, I tell yer, old pal, And this "chivalry" game—ask KILRAIN, or old BISMARCK!—is flabby fal-lal.

If you find as yer foe's in a flummox, will you riak the win and the tin By chivalry? No; give him one in the wind like a shot, and romp in.

Sloppy sentiment mucks the best mill, and our spouters keep all on the sloop; [over the sloop.]

From GLADSTONE to Cardinal MANNING, they snivel all

About "own flesh and blood," and Wealth's duties, the Sweaters, and Housing the Poor.

Bah! The oof bird flies out o' the winder when sentiment dabs at the door.

That fowl lays the true golden heggs, but there ain't nigh enough to go round,

And give each one a basket-full, CHARLIE; at least that 's wot I 'es always found.

I say git as near to the nest as yer oan, mate, and 'ave the fast grab;

And then let bluebag peessymists grumble, and Socialist levellers gab!

Worth living? Lor, yus, with the Oof, CHARLIE! Give me a little look-in,

And see if I won't make things hum! With my tastes, and a 'atfull of tin,

Small hods if I stick to a bachelor's life, or shake down, mate, and marry.

The Battle of Life, I'll go Nap, shall be won in a canter by 'ARRY.

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-FOURTH EVENING.

"I KNOW a young man," said the Moon. "I have many opportunities of seeing him, for he is in the habit of coming home very late at night. He lodges with an



Aunt who is rather strict with him, but she goes to bed early, and he has a latchkey, and is very careful not to disturb her slumbers.

"The other evening, however, when he came home, he was horrified to find he had forgotten his latchkey. The window-fastenings of the front room on the ground floor were not difficult to undo; but then there was Carlo, his Aunt's pet dog, who slept there. Carlo, as his mistress was never tired of saying, was the most intelligent animal that ever barked, and the best house-dog in the whole world. At the slightest sound, the faithful Carlo would alarm the whole household, and plunge the poor young man into hopeless disgrace! He walked up and down undecidedly for some time, but at last he grew so sleepy and desperate that he determined to risk everything, and get through the window, in the teeth of the devoted guardian of the house.

"He made a good deal of noise, for he was not accustomed to forcing windows, still, to his great surprise, he did not arouse Carlo. He came floundering down on the floor with a thump, having mistaken the place of a chair,—but still Carlo made no sign. The young man was relieved and grateful, but puzzled as well, for he knew the dog must be in the room somewhere. At last he found the matches, and struck a light—and then he burst out laughing more loudly than was quite prudent. For Carlo, the intelligent watchdog, was perfectly aware that the room was being broken into, but, his intelligence being even greater than his valour, Carlo was lying in the corner behind the door, industriously 'shamming dead,' which was another accomplishment of his. The young man is of a very generous disposition, for he did not betray Carlo's cowardice to his mistress the next morning; and, what is more," added the Moon, "I believe that he will always preserve an honourable silence on the subject."

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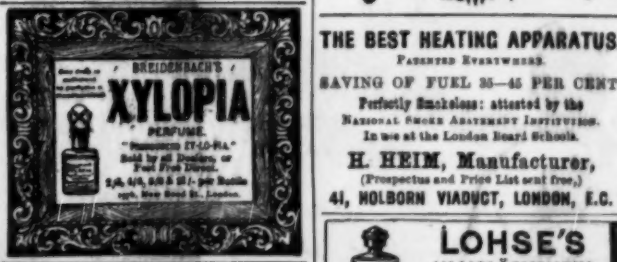
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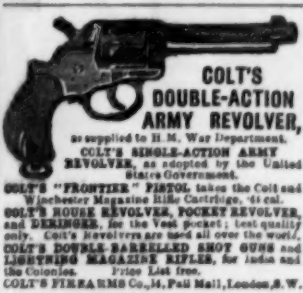
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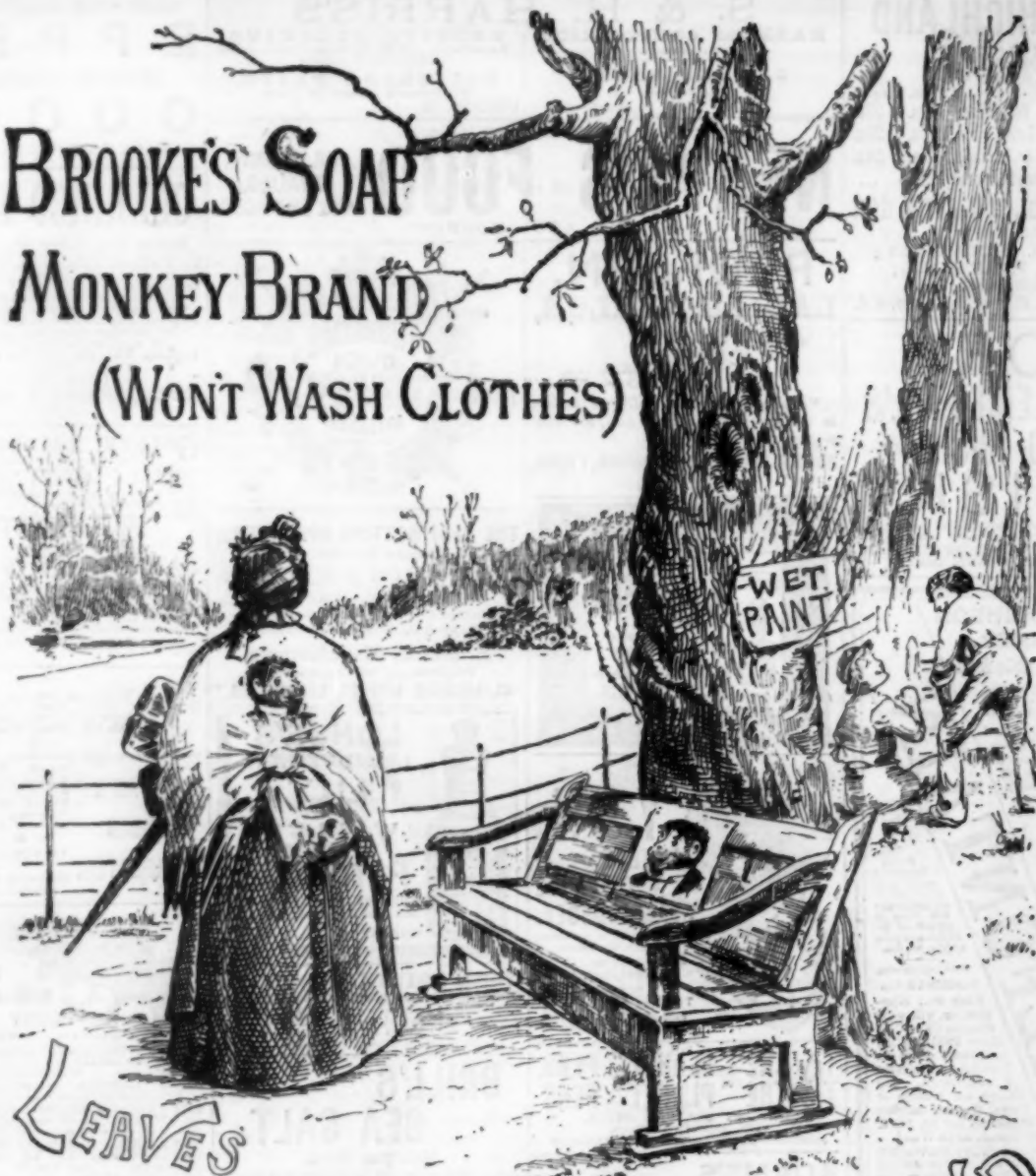
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Printed by William Stewart Smith, of No. 30, Ludgate Road, Holborn, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Office of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, and in the Presses of Whitebairn, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 40, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SARASVATY, September 21, 1889.